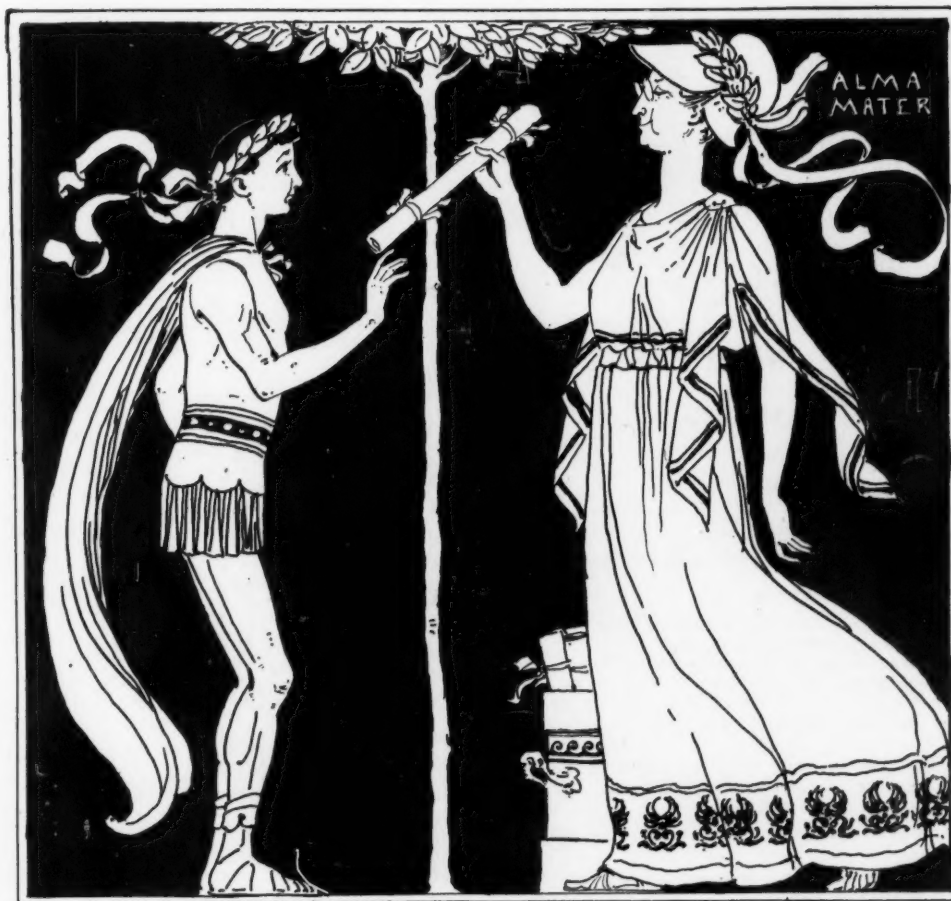


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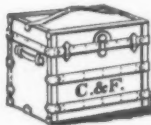
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All persons bringing dogs or cats to our basement door on Agony Alley after nightfall will be suitably rewarded.

TESTIMONIALS.

Before my visit to this institution I had no conception of the agonies a sensitive being can be made to endure.—J. L. B.

A joke on science.—P. W. J.

It is a sickening revelation of horror.—T. F. S.

How a benevolent Creator can permit such atrocities is beyond human comprehension.—J. C. M.

More fun than a bull fight.—H. de S. G.

Compared with it the Inquisition was a pleasure party.—W. T.

Proofs of the Original Drawings

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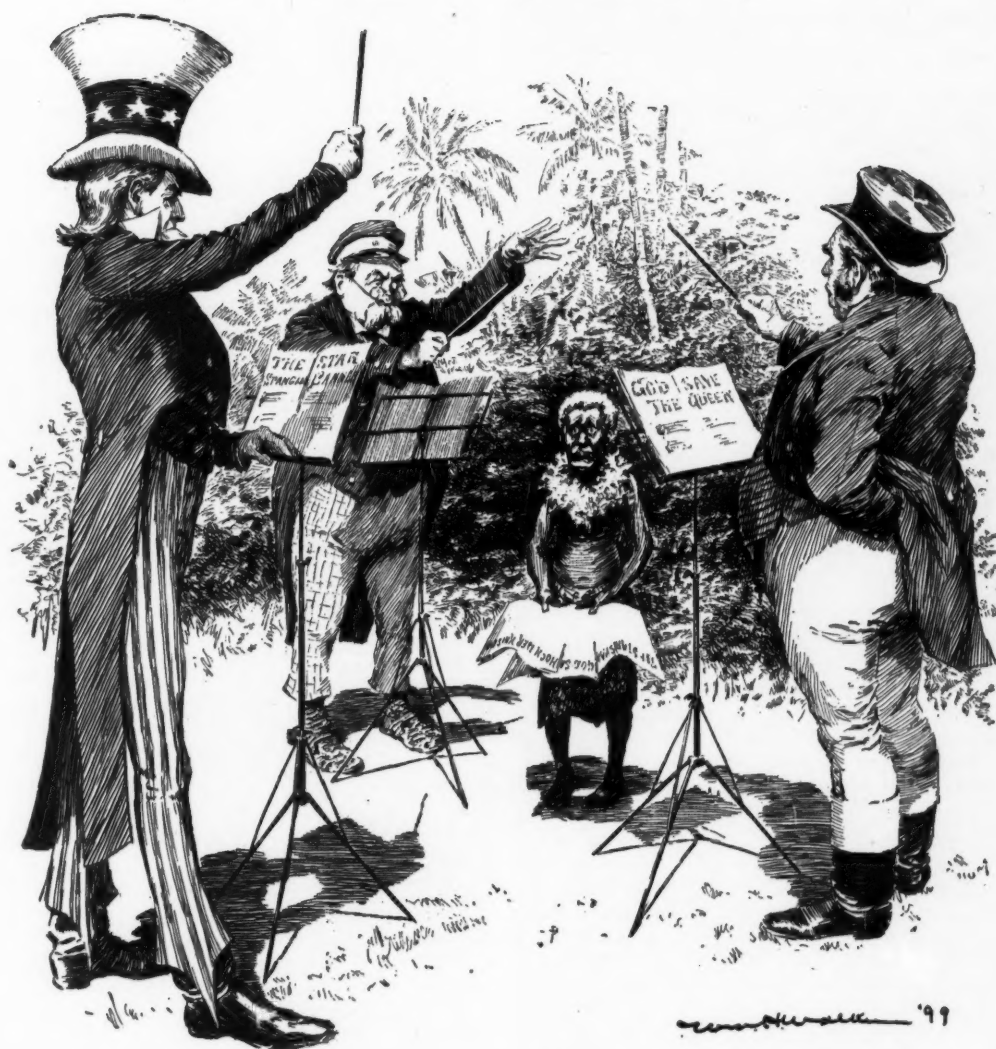
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·LIFE·



STUDYING TO PLEASE.

Samoa: I CAN'T SING ALL THESE NATIONAL AIRS AT ONCE!

Too True.

"WHEN you told me that you were going to play golf," said the young husband, bitterly, "I had no idea that you intended to be absent evenings as well as afternoons."

His wife was very justly indignant at his lack of foresight.

"You should have remembered," she replied, reproachfully, "that evenings are the only time we have to talk over the game."

A Sure Thing.

"I WANT to be sure," said the aged philanthropist, "that my money will after my death remain in this country, where I made it, and the home of my adoption."

"Have you thought of any way this can be fully assured?" inquired his lawyer.

"I have," replied the philanthropist, confidently. "I am going to leave it to a foreign missionary society."



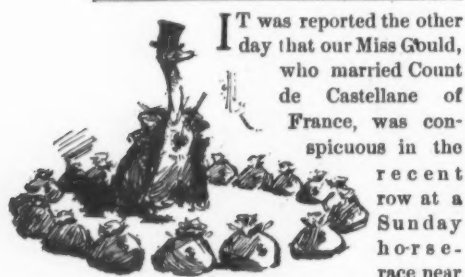
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIII. JUNE 22, 1890. No. 865.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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IT was reported the other day that our Miss Gould, who married Count de Castellane of France, was conspicuous in the recent row at a Sunday horse-race near Paris, where sundry of the French aristocracy mobbed the President of France, and one aristocrat smashed the President's hat with a cane.

The story was that our Countess walked up and down at the head of a mob of excited ladies and hollered for the army, or the police, or whatever it was that the nobility favored. The story has been denied, and very likely it wasn't true. It seems clear, however, that our Countess goes to horse-races on Sunday, which is sad enough, though persons of respectability seem to do it in France, but her husband says that on that Sunday she never left her seat.



LIFE would not have thought any the less of her if the whole tale was true. What it loves best to hear about American ladies who have married gentlemen of title residing abroad, is that they are living happily with their husbands and getting their money's worth. If the Count de Castellane is one of those Frenchmen, so perplexing to us, who are cast down because France has come to her senses in

the Dreyfus matter, it would be a great misfortune to his wife if she did not share his delusions. To marry a man, especially a stranger, at great expense, and find oneself hopelessly his superior in intelligence, must be a very painful fate. Heaven forbid that it should often befall our ladies who marry abroad. Whether our Countess de Castellane sat in her seat at that Sunday horse-race and watched the fun, or pranced about uttering derisive cries, the indications are that she is in full sympathy with her Count, and for the present, at least, does not need the sympathy of other persons.



BUT is it not dreadful that the French should go to horse-races on Sunday? What ever will finally happen to such people as that? Of course there is no telling, but LIFE hopes that it won't be anything fatally bad, for the French are indispensable. Great encouragement as to their prospects comes with the collapse of the Dreyfus conspiracy and the return of the victim to France. If Dreyfus is righted it will be some years before the world will feel constrained to despair of France again.

Meanwhile there is a great field for reformation in France, and with the start the Dreyfus victory will give her, she ought to go vigorously ahead with the work of amendment. She is given over to rum; she—the France that was so long notoriously temperate—drinks absinthe and spirits by the lakeful; her morals are secluded; her immorals are blatant, impudent and conspicuous. To have Puritanism break out violently in her system and rage until her nose turned blue seems about what she needs. She must take thought for herself. Just as soon as she has settled with Dreyfus and got her big fair off her mind, she must give attention to eluding the wrath to come. We want to see her become respectable. We will lend her Doctor Parkhurst and Mr. Raines, who will fix her up some good regulations, and we will arrange for a special French edition of the *Evening Post*, in which attention shall be paid to her shortcomings.

We like France, and, for old-times' sake, and with a view to her future happiness and ours, we do sincerely

want her to sober up, and clean herself, and be somebody.



MEANWHILE we ourselves are falling into some bad practices. One growing evil which the recent crop of June weddings made more conspicuous than usual is the custom of employing married men as ushers at weddings. That is all wrong, and should be prohibited by canon or statute, or fine, or whatever is the strictest way. At any wedding where there are bridesmaids the ushers should all be unmarried men. It is the bridesmaids' right that this should be so. For a marrying man to ring in on the young friends of his bride a troupe of poor old weather-beaten, second-hand men, is simply impudence. If the groom has no unmarried-man friends left, let him give up pretense, and hire in undertaker's men, or district messenger boys, or policemen, to usher for him. But not married men. No. Not for such do bridesmaids prink and spend money on gowns. Married men are not entirely out of place at weddings. They have their uses. Let them mix the punch, and call the carriages, and keep up the spirits of the parents. But for ushers they are no good; none whatever.



A WAR has broken out which LIFE approves of. It is raging somewhere in or near the State of Wyoming, between a gang of train robbers and bandits, and an army of United States soldiers, sheriffs and their deputies, cowboys, gentlemen-sportsmen, and other volunteers. The bandits include a gang that lately held up a Union-Pacific Railroad train and robbed it of one hundred thousand dollars. This gang was pursued, but fought its way clear, and got away to a famous refuge of outlaws in the Big Horn Mountains called "The Hole in the Wall." Now "The Hole in the Wall" is to be stormed, and there is a prospect, at this writing, of a campaign that should be rich in martial literature. That is a kind of war that does the heart good. It ought to make as good a story as the storming of the Doone Valley in Blackmore's imperishable tale.



DEGREES OF FOLLY.

"THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."

"NO. UNLESS IT'S THE YOUNG FOOL WHO WANTS TO MARRY THE OLD FOOL."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.



EVERY three dollars sent to this fund means that one more child goes to our farm at Branchville, to remain a fortnight. This three dollars pays all his or her expenses, transportation both ways, all the food he or she can eat, a clean bed, careful attention, fields to play in, orchards, a big tent, a brook and a barn.

What more can they want?

It is perhaps our duty to confess that there are also green apples. But we have a doctor on the premises. No mischief has ever yet resulted, although the apple tree nearest the house is

annually stripped of every sign of fruit, and at a period when the apples are in their deadliest stage.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$555 50
Admiral W. S. Schley.....	25 00
Cash.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Nikola Tesla.....	25 00
A Friend.....	5 00
In Memory of H. A. M.....	5 00
General Nelson A. Miles.....	25 00
	\$650 50

France.

LET us hope that when Dreyfus comes to his own again, as he will very shortly, it will be the beginning of the regeneration of France. We cannot afford to have France go to pot. She can't be spared. We are told that she has become excessively drunken. Very well. Then she must find means to shut off her own grog. It will be a grand sport to watch how she goes about it. To see France constrained by national drunkenness to tackle the temperance question is something to have lived for. They say the situation calls imperatively for action, and that she must restrict the sale of intoxicants. Very well. Now, perhaps, we shall see how a temperance movement ought to be conducted.

THE *Morning Journal* has put up tin boxes on the stations of the Elevated Railroad, and invites the public to drop pennies in to buy a loving cup for "the hero of Manila."

Oh, my! How mad that would make George Dewey if he knew it!

THE Associated Press is a powerful combination of daily newspapers, which yearly spends hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars in gathering news from all parts of the world for its members. Its representatives are to be found in every capital, and its daily cable and telegraph tolls represent a fair-sized fortune. Its agents are the best correspondents and reporters to be secured for money. By the use of the splendid facilities at its command, it has learned, on the very best authority, that Russell A. Alger of Michigan is still Secretary of War in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet.

"YOU are certain that he can't tell a lie?"
"Well, I will qualify that a little. He can't tell a lie effectively."

A Match to Avoid.

AMBROSE: I wonder what makes Colonel Montague so sensitive about his years?

MISS PENLOPE: Why, the dear old man is afraid some woman of his own age will marry him.

THE MISTAKE OF A PREOCCUPIED MAN.





THE DAYS OF THE PATRIARCHS.

Methuselah: WHY, BOYS, HOW YOU'VE GROWN, AND IT'S LESS THAN A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE I SAW YOU LAST. YOU'LL BE MEN SOON.



ACCORDING to General Otis, the invaders are making good headway, and are killing the patriots in large numbers. This is well, as nothing is more unpleasant to a true American than the success of those who are fighting for their independence.

These wars of conquest are good things.



COMMENCEMENT.

Not for the Young and Strong.

THE human propensity to go through the line at the least point of resistance is illustrated in the diffusion of golf. The game was introduced into this country for the benefit of the aged and infirm, who are not qualified for more robust sports. It has been taken up by the strong and young, who, finding it not such hard work as tennis and baseball, bring to it such vigor and play it with such unqualified zeal as to make human life unsafe on most links. The only way to protect golf as an old gen-

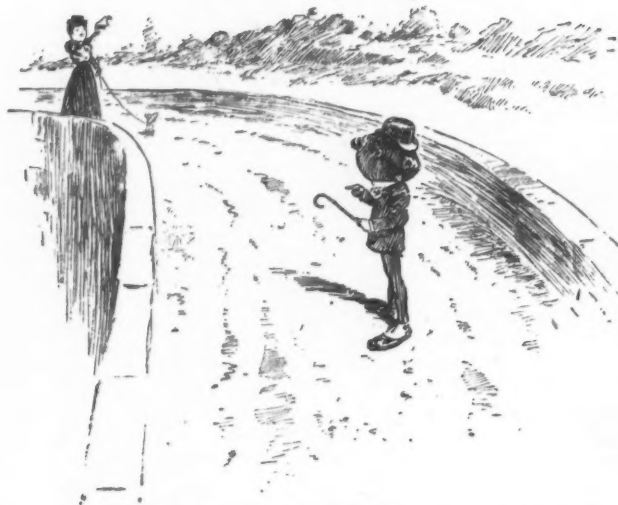
tleman's game is to raise the rates on it. All that old gentlemen get in this country and age they get from superior ability to pay. The price of golf should be raised until such brutal scenes as that in the picture below are impossible, except on wild and remote links in the less accessible parts of the country.

The young and able should be driven off the links and back to the tennis courts and baseball grounds, where they belong.



- E. L. Z. -

THE NEAR-SIGHTED LOVER'S TRYSTING.



"YES, INDEED, POLLY, I'LL MEET YOU AT NINE O'CLOCK—SAME PLACE AS BEFORE."



"OH, POLLY, YOU GOT HERE FIRST!"

THE HOST: Now that they're divorced, what kind of an arrangement is to be made?

THE PESSIMIST: The town house will go to the wife, the country place and stables to the husband.

"And the children?"

"To the devil."

BOOKISHNESS

The Story of a Mean Man.

WHEN Beatrice Harraden writes a story she puts into it some very disagreeable people. She does this not to be unpleasant, but to aid in the great work of human happiness. It is a case of "like cures like." All of which is praiseworthy from a sociological standpoint, but it does not produce joyful reading for hot weather. That, however, is not the intention of "literature"—at least not the kind produced by women novelists.

Of course there is a "problem" in Miss Harraden's latest story, "The Fowler" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The title—a very apt one—conveys it; "Our Soul is escaped even as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowler." The bird-catcher in the story is a most contemptible little man, who does not seem to have a single trait that would account for his fascination over the mind of the strong, healthy-minded college woman, who is the heroine. That kind of girl sees through intellectual poses. But the villain was as subtle as the serpent. He confided to her that she was the *only* one who understood him. His was a wrecked life, but she could patch up the holes, and sail it home in triumph.

There is no crime in the story—no gross physical temptations. *Bevan* is so mean a man that he risks nothing. He spreads outrageous slanders against decent people, and all that you can do to him is kick him downstairs. He was "the spirit of pessimism," just as his rival, the real hero, was "the spirit of reasonable optimism." In the long run, the reasonable optimist wins—and it needs one to marry a girl who has taken the Classical Tripos! The Optimist is, moreover, a famous philosophical historian, and the average of intelligence in the family will be high. Your college-girl heroine demands a great deal from a hero, and there are very few common mortals who can live up to it. Philosophical historians don't grow on every bush. Therefore, "the higher education of woman" will furnish domestic tragedies for novel writers for years to come, while men jog along making the best of it, trying to earn a living and keep the higher education contented with itself.

THE "poisoning of a mind" is not a new thing in fiction. Hawthorne showed it in "The Blithedale Romance," and it was done superbly in that remarkable book, "Wuthering Heights;" and people have not yet forgotten "Trilby."

The heroine of "The Fowler" sees it all clearly at the last, and exclaims: "You have taken a human soul and played with it, touched it with your poison, watched it slowly corrode, and revelled in your work. What a mind—what a nature!"

Far better than the solemn tragedy of the story are the delightfully humorous minor characters—Mrs. Mary Shaw and her "ancestors," and her persistent lover, and her son, who is a jewel, but expects to break out wicked any day because he had a worthless father. These are the real thing in fiction, and when Miss Harraden gets through with her solemn problems, and devotes herself to them, she and her readers will have a more hilarious time.

PEOPLE may be "sick of war books," but they show a surprising appetite for Colonel Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders" (Scribner). The reason for it is that the book is jam full of interesting human nature. Here are men who seem to have enlisted right out of stories by Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Frederic Remington, with a few of Richard Harding Davis's heroes put into Troop K. The Regiment was that strange thing—a romantic idea carried out with force and practical results.

There is no "spirit of pessimism" about Colonel Roosevelt or his Regiment, and the book is a good antitoxin for that kind of disease.

Droch.



RICHELIEU AND ANNE OF AUSTRIA.



LOUIS XIV. AND THE LADIES.
"L'Amour c'est moi."

HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.



WHILE Mr. Huntington and Mr. Carnegie are taking thought about the time that young men lose who go to college, sundry students and professors at Yale have been discussing in the classroom how Mr. Carnegie can most profitably detach himself from the millions he has accumulated. The conclusion at New Haven is reported to be that Mr. Carnegie is doing well; that his money will do most good used as capital in business; that the next best thing he can do

with it is to found libraries, and that the least advantageous use he could put it to would be to give it to charity. It savors of the Golden Age to have Commerce and Education strive in so altruistic a spirit to help each other out.

Our Guides.

A POLITIC editor is influenced, more or less, by the verdict of his readers.

As an illustration of how perfect a guide these expressions of personal opinion may become, we print herewith two communications received at this office from Boston, both in the same mail:

LIFE PUBLISHING Co., N. Y.

Sir: The tone of your paper, which I have had in the house for many years, has been so insulting to an American that I shall have to ask you to discontinue the sheet immediately. Yours, ———.

To me the picture on first page of present issue of LIFE is one

of the grandest, truest conceptions ever put on paper. You are doing good work in the cause of humanity. Respectfully, ———.

"I BELIEVE it is true," said W. McKinley to R. A. Alger, "that Admiral Dewey has refused to allow his name to be considered in connection with the Presidential nomination."

"It is true, Mr. President."

"Then we can allow him to come home."



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.
"BUFFALO BILL."



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"THE GOVERNOR TRIED IN VAIN TO SUBDUCE THE UPRISING IN THE INTERIOR."



QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

AUGUSTIN DALY'S death occurs at a most inopportune time. At considerable loss to himself, he has stood out against the debauching methods of the Theatrical Trust. He has not fought the Trust directly, but he has had little traffic with its members, and has gone on making art and artistic performance as he understood it—and he understood it well—the first consideration in whatever he undertook in the many fields in which he worked. Daly's was the one impregnable fortress the Trust could not successfully assail. They hired away from him some of the actors he had made, but they couldn't take from him the ability that made him easily first among American managers.

Augustin Daly's loss will be deeply felt in many ways and by many people, but by none more deeply than those who regarded him as the staunchest defender of artistic integrity on the American stage.

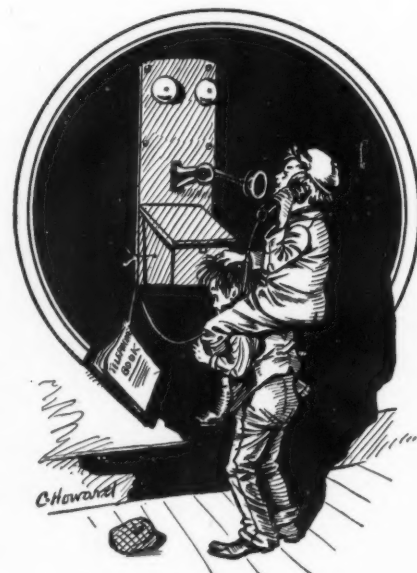
SENATOR HANNA is going to France. This creates grave suspicion that President Loubet is laying pipe for a second term.



THE New York Journal offered a reward of two thousand dollars to the person or persons who should be instrumental in returning the Clark baby to its mother. When the baby was found, the Journal announced that one thousand dollars should be given to the woman who recognized the baby and really put the police on the track of the kidnappers, and one thousand dollars should be deposited with the Journal's pet trust company, to be paid to the baby herself when she reached the age of twenty-one or should get married. Why the baby should receive any part of the money promised to its discoverers is not apparent. Perhaps it never will. The life expectation of a twenty-months' baby gives the Journal a good strong string on that thousand dollars. And yet it asks the public to help it make capital out of Admiral Dewey's popularity by intrusting it with



A LAPBOARD.



A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.

"HELLO! IS DIS DE WALDORF ASTOR HOUSE? YES? SAY, IS DAT YOU, BILLY ASTOR? NO? ALRIGHT. JEST ASK HIS NIRS DE COOK TER CALL ME UP WHEN HM SETS DE BARREL OUT; ME AND ME FRIEND IS COMING UP TER DINE TER NIGHT. SO LONG!"

money to buy him a loving-cup which he doesn't want, and probably wouldn't accept from the Journal.

IT has been announced that President McKinley will insist on Admiral



I was completely prostrated by a severely strained relationship and found much in a bottle of *Vinum Marianum*.—Napoleon.



For that sinking feeling, *Vinum Marianum* beats the devil himself.—McGinty.

Dewey's accompanying him on an official jaunt to Chicago in October. Which suggests the old conundrum about the tail wagging the dog.

IF more fistie arguments were conducted in the fair and manly spirit that characterized the recent dispute between Messrs.

Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, the manly art might in time regain something like its old-time place in the affections of the Anglo-Saxon race. The modesty of Jeffries in the hour of victory, and Fitzsimmons's frank and manly admission that he had been fairly whipped, are good examples for the rising generation of prize-fighters, and are in delightful contrast to the actions of Messrs. Sullivan and Corbett in the same circumstances.

AMERICAN communities get about as good government as they deserve. The investigations of the Mazet Committee show that the city of New York deserves about the worst there is.



ALMOST every literary journal, at some period of its career, starts a voting contest to determine what literary men should be chosen to constitute an American academy of letters similar to that of France. These contests are inconclusive, largely because the voters are governed by the fancy of the passing moment, and we find Laura Jean Libbey, Richard Harding Davis and "Old Sleuth" vying in the number of votes received with Howells, James, Kipling, Fiske and Warner. There is another reason why these contests amount to nothing. They set no task for their Academicians after they are selected. The French Academy has as an excuse for its existence the compiling of a standard dictionary. It has been in existence a great many years, and at last accounts had only reached the letter M, but it at least goes through the motions of doing some work.

THERE is a real function for a properly selected American Academy of Letters. This would be to defend our language against the assaults of the New York *Sun*. That journal has set itself up as an authority on the English—or American—language, and ladles out incorrect rulings with a generous hand to anyone who cares to consult it. It insists that our language should be written, spoken and spelled entirely by ear, and that usage is the supreme arbiter. In other words, the *Sun* believes that in language two wrongs make a right. We need a higher authority than the *Sun*, so that its go-as-you-please methods shall not be permitted to prevail.



THREE TIMES IN SUCCESSION.

To A. D. T., 1004.

O H, little, leisurely blue boy,
Who bears my note to her,
You certainly don't feel the joy
Your errand should confer.

Her blest abode, in time, you'll find,
Her sacred bell you'll punch,
While here I sit with anxious mind,
Neglecting even lunch.

You'll see her coming down the stair,
As in the hall you sit;
Her dainty feet, her fluffy hair,
Won't stir your heart a bit.

But oh, if just for that brief space
Your grimy paw were mine,
To guide her fingers to the place,
And say, "Dere's where yer sign."

Your lucky pencil-stub she'll hold
Against her soft, red lip;
With marks illegibly bold
She'll grace your rumpled slip.

To think of things so sweet and dear
Spent on that freckled elf;
What sinful waste! Hi, boy, come here—
I'll take that note myself. K. Perry.

VON BLUMER: Well, old man,
how did you like the Welsh rabbit
I made you last night?

KINGLEY: Can't tell yet. Just getting
acquainted with it.



The Plot that Failed.



THE time was early morning on the Sparrowhawk links. The sun was just gilding the Eastern hills with roseate shafts of light as Flossie Greenbunker, noiselessly jumping from her chainless wheel that she might not arouse the janitor, stealthily crept into the little club house and swiftly opened with a false key the locker of her hated rival, Geraldine Lofferputt. Mad and revengeful thoughts surged through her brain as, with a suppressed cry of triumph, she opened

"YOUR CLOTHES THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK AND HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!"

"WELL, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN MAKE THE HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES A CENT LESS."

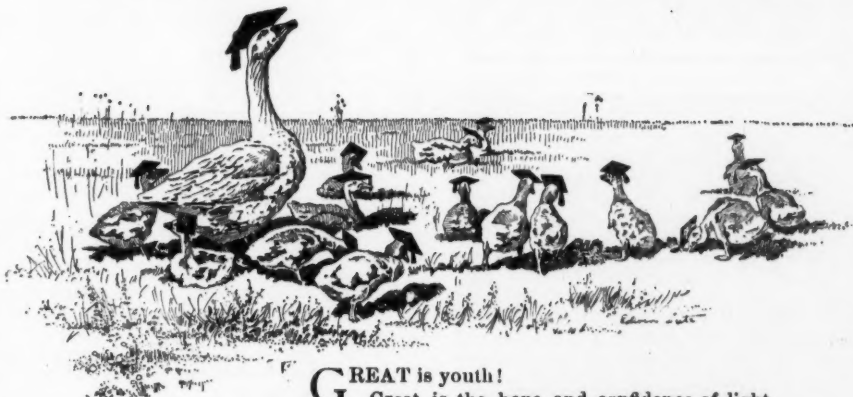


WHO ARE THEY?

the pocket of her rival's caddie-bag, and saw reposing therein, like eggs in a nest, six brand new golf balls which, on the night before, Geraldine had placed there for the coming event of the season. For today was indeed to be a great day on the Sparrowhawk links. It was the day of the ladies' tournament, and the young millionaire and champion golf player, Percy Puttercleek, the biggest catch of the season, was to grace the affair with his presence. His attentions had heretofore been equally distributed between the two fair claimants for his hand and pocketbook, and Flossy Greenbunker felt that the fateful day had come when his decision would be made, and she was determined that before the day was over Geraldine Lotterputt should stand discredited in his eyes.

Carefully removing the new and glistening balls, she placed in their stead six others, which, although they appeared spotless, the practiced eye of any golf player would see at once had been remade.

"There!" she muttered to herself, as she turned to mount her



GREAT is youth!
Great is the hope and confidence of light-footed youth.

Now is Alma Mater sending forth into the world her annual crop of future presidents and millionaires, of judges, generals, admirals and world-renowned poets.

Let the good work continue!

For hope is cheap and the world is wide.

And life without hope is as a balloon without gas.

wheel, "those balls are as soft as pincushions, and she won't discover it until too late to make the change. I shall win the day, and Percy Puttercleek will be mine."

The great day was over. It was as yet early dusk on the Sparrowhawk links, and behind a deserted bunker were two figures, wrapped in a close and loving embrace. And as Percy Puttercleek clasped the yielding form of Geraldine Lotterputt to his heart, he murmured gently:

"Dearest, what matters it if you didn't win? Any girl who has the moral courage and economical instinct to use made-over golf balls will make just the kind of a wife I have been looking for."

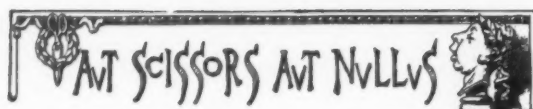
Tom Masson.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



THE FAMOUS TWO-FACED BIRD, KNOWN ALSO AS "THE RUSSIAN DOUBLE EAGLE," IN HIS GREAT DUAL RÔLE OF "THE WHITE DOVE OF PEACE" AND "THE BLACK EAGLE OF WAR."



HORACE GREELEY'S sympathy with the working classes was intense, and his indignation toward those who oppressed them was not unlike the "perfect hatred" of the Hebrew king. A graphic illustration of this sympathy and indignation is given in the "Personal Recollections" of James R. Gilmore, who was formerly one of the editorial corps of the *Tribune*.

One winter night two thin and poorly clad women entered the room of the managing editor and asked to see Mr. Greeley. Mr. Gilmore, who was reading proof-sheets, answered that Mr. Greeley was very busy, and half a dozen gentlemen were waiting to see him; but if they could wait, he would probably give them audience.

They were willing to wait, and Mr. Gilmore ushered them into the great editor's apartment, where he sat at his desk, with his back to the door, absorbed in an editorial.

Curious to see what kind of a reception he would give the women, Mr. Gilmore lingered near the doorway. As soon as Mr. Greeley had finished his editorial, he turned around and glanced at his visitors. The gentlemen were well known to him, for each man was a prominent politician; but giving them scarcely any attention, he rose and said courteously to the women:

"Ladies, what can I do for you?"

The younger of the two stepped timidly forward and explained their errand. They were employees in a hoop-skirt factory, where the workwomen had the day before suspended work and demanded an increase of wages.

"What pay do you get?" asked Mr. Greeley.

"Three dollars and a half a week," was the timid answer.

"And how much of that goes for board?"

"Three dollars."

"Do you mean to say that you have only fifty cents a week for your clothes and other necessities?"

"That is all."

"It's a shame—a burning shame!" said Mr. Greeley, quickly. "You wish me to expose these men. I will do it. They shall have a column in to-morrow's *Tribune*."

Then seeing Mr. Gilmore standing in the doorway, he said, "Be kind enough to show these ladies to the stairway, and (drawing his ear down to him and speaking in a lower tone) look at their clothes! Give them ten or twenty dollars; I'll pay it."

"Did you hear what Mr. Greeley said to me?" asked Mr. Gilmore of the younger woman, as they reached the door of the outer editorial room.

"Yes, sir; but we don't want alms—we ask for justice, not charity," she answered.

"He does not consider it charity. He thinks it a duty to divide his larger earnings with those who are underpaid. He will be offended if you refuse the money," answered Mr. Gilmore.

"We wouldn't offend him for the world," said the woman, reluctantly taking the offered banknote. "I shall pray God to bless him."

"Did those women take the money?" asked Mr. Greeley, after his visitors had left.

"Yes; a twenty-dollar bill—I had nothing smaller. But I'll compromise with you for ten," answered Mr. Gilmore.

"No, you won't," said Mr. Greeley, fumbling in his pockets for the money. "But I haven't a dollar. You'll have to get it of Sinclair the cashier; and mind, if you don't collect the whole we'll have a row."—*Youth's Companion*.

A good story is told of the second Duke of Wellington, who, though far from being stingy, was in many odd ways economical. He discovered one day some champagne which he considered, and which doubtless was, quite good enough for a ball supper, and which had the advantage of being



The Break-Up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. Portraits and Maps. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. \$3.

The Book of Golf and Golfers. By Horace G. Hutchinson and Others. Illustrated. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Company.

Vassar Days. By Julia A. Schwartz, A.M. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Masques and Mummings. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. New York: The DeWitt Publishing House.

The 1900 Badger. Published by the Junior Class of the University of Wisconsin.

Everything About Our New Possessions. By Thomas J. Vivian and Ruel P. Smith. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

extraordinarily low in price. He ordered the quantity required, and was rejoicing in his excellent bargain when, on opening one of the papers, he encountered the following advertisement: "Try our celebrated champagne at thirty-eight shillings a dozen, as ordered by his Grace the Duke of Wellington for his forthcoming ball at Apsley House."

—*Exchange*.

PERHAPS the worst recorded attempt at an escape from a conversational difficulty was made by a London East End curate, who specially cultivated the friendship of the artisans. One day a carpenter arrived in his room, and, producing a photograph, said: "I've brought you my boy's likeness, as you said you'd like to have it."

CURATE (*rapturously*): How awfully good of you to remember! What a capital likeness! How is he?

CARPENTER: Why, sir, don't you remember? He's dead!

"Oh, yes, of course; I know that. I mean how's the man who took the photograph?"—*Argonaut*.

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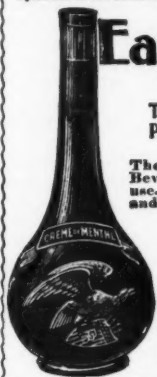
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Under a recent act of Congress, paper mail will not be forwarded to a
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A DANGEROUS criminal was about to be executed in Calcutta. While his last toilet was going forward, an Englishman who had just landed begged five minutes' conversation with him, which was granted. All that was heard of the interview was the final remark of the criminal. He called after his visitor: "A thousand pounds to my heirs, you understand." When the hangman had prepared for his sad duty, the culprit claimed the right to say a farewell word. Lifting up his voice he roared aloud to the assembled multitude: "All you who listen hear my dying statement: The best coffee is the coffee of Messrs. Chicory, Chewem and Chocker, of Calcutta and London!"—*Argonaut*.

BRITISH OPINION OF AMERICAN GOLF CLUBS.

We have often been the recipients of inquiries from golfers about to cross the "big drink" as to whether they should provide themselves with British-made clubs before going out, or whether the "Amurrican" manufacturers were capable of producing anything like what they have been accustomed to here. This is very interesting, as we were last week able to put the question well to the test.

It seems that the playing division of the editorial department were in receipt of a bag of real "Amurrican" clubs from The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., whose extensive works are at Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A. The gentleman who played with them last Saturday afternoon informed us that for balance, spring, and a perfect make, they could not be equalled; in fact, to use his own words, said he: "They are so well finished that it is a pleasure and a credit to carry them about."

The driver is an especially good one, and all the clubs are turned out in a way so scientifically accurate that not even the most particular golfer could find a word to say against them, and we feel sure that none but the cleverest brain could have designed them, and none but the most practiced hands made them."

The B. G. I. clubs are made under the direction of Mr. John D. Dunn. Some of them are his exclusive patent. This alone is a great testimonial of workmanship, and, combined with their care in selecting picked woods, must appeal to the whims of the most fastidious player.

When next asked by anyone contemplating a trip across the "enormous wet" whether we think they need take clubs with them, we know what our answer will be, for after handling and testing the properties of American workmanship in golf clubs we feel compelled to say that the proprietors of The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. fully deserve all the praise and popularity which they enjoy, not only on this side of the water, but also on the other.

—Extract from London Golfing.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman called at an insurance office of a provincial town some time ago to announce that she wanted to insure her house.

"For how much?" asked the agent.

"Oh, about two hundred pounds."

"Very well. I'll come up and investigate it."

"I don't know much about insurance," she said.

"It's very plain, ma'am."

"If I'm insured for two hundred pounds and the house is burnt down, I get the money, do I?"

"Certainly."

"And they don't ask you set it afire?"

"Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it."

"Then you needn't come up," she said, as she rose to go. "I heard there was some catch about it somewhere, and now I see where it is."—*Exchange*.

THE nurse on duty in a certain London hospital was giving the little ones their last meal for the day. All save one were patiently waiting their turn to be served, the one in question being a little rosy-cheeked convalescent, who was calling lustily for her portion. "Aren't you just a little impatient, Dorothy?" inquired the kindly nurse, with just a little tinge of correction in her tone.

"No, I'm not!" retorted Dorothy, promptly. "I'm a little she patient!"—*Argonaut*.

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HE (cautiously): If I should propose, would you say "Yes"?

SHE (still more cautiously): If you were sure that I should say "Yes," would you propose?—*Exchange*.

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Persons who desire may accompany the tour on going trip only, returning independently. The rate returning thus, via direct line, is \$131.15; returning via Portland and Seattle \$143.65.

The tour will be personally-conducted throughout, and the service of experienced railroad representatives will insure every attention for the comfort and pleasure of the party.

For detailed itineraries and full information, apply to or address Samuel Carpenter, Eastern Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 1198 Broadway, New York.

"It ain't only English people drops their alitches," said a little boy to the new teacher. "I never heard no American pronounce the atch in my name."

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny," said the little boy.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE HOTEL "THORNDIKE," BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens. Is famous for its choice viands and fine cooking, and most excellent service. European plan.

SEVERAL officeholders in Washington who want to win a little glory by hanging to Admiral Dewey's coat-tails, have appointed themselves a committee to solicit funds to buy the Admiral a house.

The people will attend to that little matter when Dewey goes house-hunting by presenting to the Admiral an eight-year lease of the White House.—*Alpena Echo*.

TRY it. Once used it takes the precedence of all others—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It has a most delicious bouquet.

HARRY and Charlie, aged five and three respectively, have just been seated at the table for dinner. Harry sees that there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wailing that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asked. "Because there ain't any orange for Charlie."

—*Exchange*.

THERE are a lot of men who never wore garters. They don't know how much more self-satisfied a man feels who does. It is about the same as the man who never ate pie; he don't know what he's missing. To those men who have never tried pie we recommend "the kind that mother made." To those who have never worn garters we say try the "Boston Garter;" no other will give half the satisfaction.

"BREDREN," said the bicycle parson, "guide youah spiritual bikes in dis yere wo't so dat you all won't scorch in de nex'!"—*Philadelphia North American*.

"I SAY, Jimmie, come down—going to have an awful lot of fun."

"What?"

"We've fed the goat with the big bath sponge, and now we're goin' to let 'im drink."—*Exchange*.

Stop-Overs at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on Pennsylvania Railroad Through Tickets.

In addition to its excellent train service, the Pennsylvania Railroad offers the traveler between New York and Chicago, and New York and St. Louis, the privilege of a stop-over of ten days at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. This stop-over is granted on all through first-class tickets reading via those cities. Persons desiring to stop-over must deposit their ticket with the station agent immediately on arrival.

To those who have business to transact in these cities, or to persons who have never visited the National Capital, this privilege is a valuable one, and should appeal to all through travelers between New York and the West, and Chicago or St. Louis and the East. The stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad are centrally located in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and access to any section of the cities is easy, by either the regular street car lines or by the Pennsylvania Railroad cabs to be found at the Philadelphia and Washington stations.

"HENRY says your husband is a bear in Wall Street," said Mrs. Jones.

"Well, as long as he is a lamb at home I don't much care," said Mrs. Smith.—*Harper's Bazar*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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YOUNG WIFE: I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the Cooking College to-day, and I've cooked this for you. Now, guess what it is.

HUSBAND (with slab of omelette between his teeth): The diploma.—*Exchange*.

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THEY tell of an absent-minded professor in a college town who is so wrapped up in his calling and in his studies as to pay little attention to what is going on about him.

Meeting a friend one day on the street, he said to him:

"This deplorable war with Spain is dragging along interminably, is it not?"

"War with Spain!" replied the other. "Why, professor, you surely know it ended months ago?"

"Is it possible? I had not heard of it."

"Where in the world did you get the impression that the war was still in progress?"

"From the magazines," rejoined the professor, relapsing into his customary absent-mindedness.

—*Youth's Companion*.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for Stomach and Liver Ills.

"A PRUDENT man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."—*Exchange*.

Extension of Limit on Excursion Tickets to Southern New Jersey Seashore Resorts via Pennsylvania Railroad (West Jersey & Seashore R. R.).

Beginning June 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will extend the limit on excursion tickets to the Southern New Jersey seashore resorts from ten days to fifteen days, including date of sale. This extension covers Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Stone Harbor, Angelsea, Holly Beach, Wildwood, Somers' Point, and all other resorts on the South Jersey coast reached via the West Jersey & Seashore Railroad, and applies to tickets from Philadelphia, Wilmington, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Wilkesbarre, Pottsville, Reading, Phillipsburg, New York, and intermediate stations.

This extension of limit, covering the usual two weeks' summer vacation, will no doubt receive the hearty approval of business men, and others filling clerical positions.

The limit on excursion tickets reading from any of the above seashore points to Philadelphia will also be extended from ten days to fifteen days.

Not long ago a prominent citizen of New Orleans went raging into the electric light company's office, and declared that one of their wires had killed a pet tree on his premises.

"That tree," said he, "has been standing there for twenty years, and we regarded it as one of the family. My children played under it when they were babies, and it is associated with some of the pleasantest memories of my life. When it began to die we all mourned, and we could not imagine what ailed it until yesterday, when I noticed that a wire was lying right across a branch. My poor tree has been electrocuted, and I feel as if murder had been done in my house."

Considerably moved, the agent of the company went to view the scene of the tragedy, and found the tree still alive, but feeble. When he came to trace the wire he discovered one end nailed to the roof of an old barn and the other twisted around a discarded pole. It had been cut off for at least two years, and forgotten. But the occasion demanded something, so he made the following report:

"Tree alive, wire dead. Wire evidently killed by tree. Bill enclosed."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Dr. W. H. RUSSELL, unpleasantly familiar to Americans as "Bull Run Russell," was acting as war correspondent for the *London Times*, and in that capacity and through official influence was very much in Bismarck's society. One evening, when Bismarck had been denouncing the other English papers with his usual violence and pungency of phrase, Dr. Russell took occasion to observe, in a self-complacent way:

"Well, you must admit, Count Bismarck, that I, at least, have been entirely discreet in everything I have written to the *Times*. You have always conversed before me with the utmost frankness upon all sorts of subjects, and I have been most careful never to repeat a word of anything that you have said."

Bismarck turned upon him with a look of mingled anger and contempt.

"The more fool you!" he roared. "Do you suppose that I ever said a word before you that I didn't want to have you print?"—*The Bookman*.

CALINO, the French "Mrs. Partington," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well known doctor, who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses for a while, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you've been buying," the doctor complained.

"But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter; it's bad hay."

"Yes, sir," said Calino, respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are."

One day the bell rang, and Calino came in.

"A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back."

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a new-born baby's."—*Youth's Companion*.



Photos

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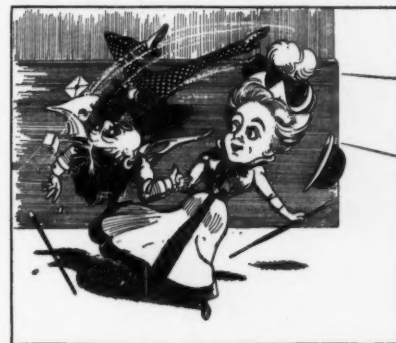
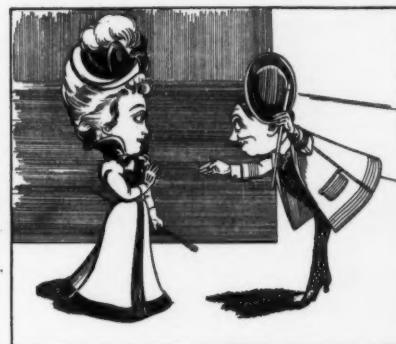
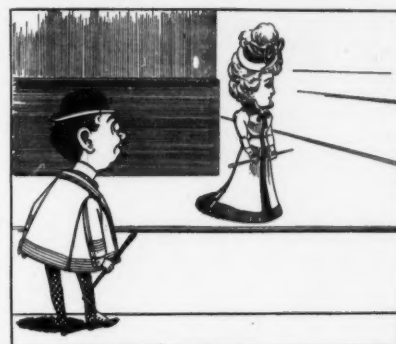
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